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IT'S AN ILL WIND that blows nobody good, and the uncomfortable experiences of the French in Morocco are having a sweetening effect upon the French attitude toward Germany, and speeding up the evacuation of the Ruhr. The French and Belgians have already abandoned most of the territory which Poincaré invaded in January, 1923, and the so-called sanctions cities, occupied in March, 1921, are to be evacuated in August. It was an open secret that Herriot wanted to leave the Ruhr a year ago, but did not dare—he feared the outburst of Nationalist hate at home. Nationalism in France today is well occupied in whistling to keep its courage up for Africa. Abd-el-Krim has harried the French lines with altogether unexpected success, and the constant announcements that he has failed to take Fez or Taza do not alter the fact that the French forces have been in almost constant retreat. More troops, and still more troops are needed; France has a Boer War on her hands which it may take her years to settle. The appointment first of General Naulin, then of Marshal Pétain, to command of the field forces, indicates the alarm felt in the War Ministry. Suddenly the military men themselves have become unconcerned over the "German peril"; they want the Rhine troops for use in Africa—and the evacuation which Herriot feared is being accomplished without a murmur of protest.

WAR IS STILL WAR and soldiers are still soldiers, whether the scene be in Flanders or in Morocco. A Paris dispatch which we find in the *Washington Post*,

regarding the African War, betrays a confidence in the short memory of Americans which is probably well justified:

PARIS, July 8.—In a bombing raid against an open market along the Werga River, where 2,000 Riffians were buying and selling provisions and animals, a French air squadron with 3,000 pounds of bombs killed and wounded 800 Riffians.

Eight years ago we were being whipped into war by similar stories told about the Germans. Bombing an open marketplace where children played and women haggled and bartered? Only Germans, we were assured, were capable of such infamies. Yet this dispatch from Paris breathes no hint of shame, and it has been followed by glorious accounts of American airmen volunteering to help carry on the good work.

THE UNITED PRESS carried clearly in its dispatches what other agencies seemed to miss—that the commission appointed by the diplomatic corps in Peking to investigate the killings at Shanghai reported that the municipal (foreign) authorities were to blame for the deaths of the students shot down while demonstrating on May 30, and recommended that the police officials be discharged. That would seem light enough punishment, but the arrogant aliens of the Shanghai Municipality protested. Shanghai Municipality, they said, was not subject to the diplomats at Peking, and they would tolerate no such interference with their rights. Such an attitude on the part of the foreign colony goes far to justify any anti-foreign movement which may arise in China.

THE WAY IN WHICH NEWS is sometimes recorded, and sometimes fabricated, in the daily press is nicely illustrated by comparing the account of doings at "White Court" on July 15 as told in the *New York Herald Tribune* with the dispatches printed in other New York morning newspapers. In its issue of July 16 the *Herald Tribune* carried prominently on its first page a dispatch from its correspondent, Carter Field, which bore the heading "Calles to Fall, Huerta Agent Tells Coolidge," and began as follows:

SWAMPSCOTT, MASS., July 15.—That the Calles Government of Mexico, which recently defied the Coolidge Administration and belittled protests against seizures of American property, would be overthrown within a few months was indicated today to President Coolidge by Richard H. Cole of St. Louis, who came to Swampscott as the representative of the Huerta revolutionary party.

Mr. Cole, who represented Madero in this country and finally obtained recognition for him, and who later represented Carranza, finally winning President Wilson to recognize him, left for the President's perusal a long list of outrages on Americans and seizures of American property, illustrating the "bolshevistic" policy of the Calles regime, it was learned. Owing to the President's trip to Quincy today, Mr. Cole was not able to see him, but left the data he had brought to Swampscott with Secretary Sanders.

Mr. Cole declined to say a word about his visit except that he desired to pay his respects to President Coolidge, whom he knew when Mr. Coolidge was a fellow-guest at the Willard Hotel in Washington.

TO THE CASUAL READER this account gives the impression that a man plotting revolution against Mexico has called in that capacity and been officially received at "White Court" and that his story of the impending fall of President Calles has been received with friendly and believing ears and passed on with every indication of importance to the press. Of course such action would be an almost unheard-of affront to a friendly nation, but in view of the Administration's recent extraordinary statement in regard to Mexico it is not unbelievable. Fortunately, however, we do not need to believe it. Upon consulting the *New York Times* of the same date we discover not a word about Mr. Cole's visit. The *New York World* puts its Swampscott dispatch on an inside page, and the only allusion to Mr. Cole is contained in the following words at the foot of a column devoted to other incidents:

Richard H. Cole of St. Louis, who was a representative of President Carranza of Mexico in this country prior to the recognition of the Carranza Government by President Wilson, called at White Court today and left a letter with Secretary Sanders enumerating a large number of alleged outrages upon Americans and property seizures in Mexico.

He also made the prediction, it is said, that within a few months the Calles Government will be overthrown by the De la Huerta forces. President Coolidge did not see him.

The *World's* account was a record of the news; the *Herald Tribune's* was a fabrication of it.

EDMUND BENICZKY was Minister of the Interior when Admiral Horthy's Hungarian dictatorship was young. Today he is out of office and at outs with the Government—chiefly because Horthy wants the throne for himself and Beniczky wants it for a Hapsburg. And, as often happens when thieves fall out, the public learns by the feud. Beniczky is now telling what he learned in office of Horthy's participation in the murders of the white-terror period. When political murders were becoming too frequent, in 1919, Beniczky and others went to Horthy's headquarters and asked if the arrival of the army in Budapest would be accompanied by pogroms. "No pogroms," said Horthy grimly, "but some men will have to swim"—alluding to the custom of drowning political opponents in the Danube. Among those who had to swim was Somogyi, the Socialist leader, editor of the *Nepszava*. Beniczky blames Horthy directly for his murder. One of Somogyi's articles, he says, was suppressed by the censor, in February, 1920, but a copy of the suppressed part was sent to Horthy's camp and read at his mess-table. Horthy arose, indignant, and shouted: "Enough of words; let us have acts." Before the month was out Somogyi was done to death by two of Horthy's officers. Beniczky accuses Horthy of protecting the murderers, and of complicity in other murders. It is a strange thing when a cabinet minister publicly accuses the chief of state of murder. It is a still stranger thing when the charge is passed over in virtual silence. But Horthy's Hungary is paying its debts, and our State Department will probably continue to help it when it can, as by gagging Horthy's enemy Count Karolyi.

KARIN MICHAELIS tells, in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, an amazing story of D'Annunzio and the beautiful Villa Cagnacco on the Lago di Garda. Because Henry Thode was a German, his villa was confiscated by the Italian

Government during the war. After his death in 1920 it was opened and occupied by the poet-politician. Frau Thode went to see D'Annunzio, who promised to use his influence to have her house restored to her, or at least to give her a chance to buy it back. Within a few weeks, however, D'Annunzio himself mysteriously became the official owner of the villa. Frau Thode's letters were unanswered and when she called in person she was not received. Only after the Danish Authors' Club protested publicly did she hear from D'Annunzio. He begged her to protect him from criticism of his conduct in regard to a house he had "bought . . . on harsh terms from the Italian Government." This time he promised to give her from the house any objects she should name. She asked for the manuscripts and papers in her husband's desk, certain personal possessions, and some valuable paintings, but D'Annunzio refused to send all these things, and forced Frau Thode to sign a receipt before she received any of them. The trunk which he said contained "all manuscripts" was found to be filled with worthless papers and trash. The paintings had been sold at auction long before. When her friends again protested indignant letters came from D'Annunzio. "I have let myself be abused," he wrote, "with the patience of a Franciscan. . . . I have shown myself and will show myself superhuman."

THERE OUGHT TO BE an organized movement, instead of merely undirected sentiment, to end capital punishment in the United States. We think that the strength of opinion against this anachronism and barbarism is stronger than legislators imagine if only it can be assembled and expressed. Hence we welcome the birth of the League for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, with headquarters at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The league is calling a national conference, to meet in New York City October 23, 24, and 25, after which it will introduce bills to abolish capital punishment in various States, beginning with New York. Eight States have already done away with the death sentence: Michigan, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Kansas, Maine, Minnesota, and North and South Dakota. Four States—Oregon, Washington, Arizona, Missouri—reestablished capital punishment in 1918 under the pressure of post-war reaction. It is tragically true, as the league points out, that the death penalty has come to be a class punishment, practically reserved for the poor and friendless.

A TAXICAB DRIVER of New York City, we note with glee, is contesting the right of the Police Department of that municipality to compel him to wear a coat and collar while behind the wheel. His lawyer, with the devotion that his kind have for seeking legal loopholes rather than basing a case on broad principles, is denying the authority of the Police Department over taxicab drivers, owing to a recent decision of the New York courts upsetting a long line of home-rule legislation as unconstitutional. This is the wrong way to go about a right demand. We do not believe that under any law—past, present, or prospective—it is any more constitutional to prescribe a coat and collar for taxicab drivers than it would be to order kid gloves and silk hats for attendants at hot-dog stands or evening dress and starched shirts for "dock wallopers." If it is constitutional, such a regulation ought to be met with mass defiance anyhow. Taxicab drivers should organize for the specific purpose of going without coats and collars and making fools of pompous pouter-pigeon administrators.

Cancer

THE little boy's dog had developed a strange lump on the under side, and the little boy's father, who was a doctor, shook his head gravely and said that he thought that Trick had better go. You could not be too careful about a pet in a family of children. The children, of course, were disconsolate, but while the whole question hung like a cloud over the household a doctor friend came and suggested that he would take Trick over to the institute and see what could be done there.

And so, three days later, the little boy went with his father to get the dog, apparently none the worse in health or spirits for a dose of ether and a surgical operation. But even more entertaining than the sight of Trick with a white bandage wound around her middle and tied in a frivolous row of knots up the back, was the institute, room after room filled with glass apparatus and rows of test tubes, rooms full of white mice and guinea pigs and, pride of the establishment, two monkeys, whose blood, the men thought, was nearer that of humans than the blood of any of the other animals. Most of the men who worked there wore beards, for that was twenty-five years ago, when a beard was a trade-mark of the scientific callings. They were looking for the cause of cancer.

That institute still is looking for the cause of cancer. It was given and endowed for that. The only mention of it in the newspapers has been the announcement of the death of its director, killed by a chronic disease whose course was accelerated by his persistent refusal to stop an important series of experiments. It is one of a dozen or more laboratories throughout the world where men whose names are unknown, and always will be unknown, are spending their lives in the study of some one little aspect of this dreaded disease. The guarded announcement that two British scientists think that they have seen the "causative agent" of cancer as a disturbance of light rays, so infinitesimal as to elude the most powerful microscope, must call to mind these dozens of unseen workers, these decades of patient experiment, yielding now and then some crumb of enlightenment to point the way to further work, but more often with no greater satisfaction than the honest exercise of the scientific spirit—that spirit which led an English business man to spend what time he could snatch from earning his living in arduous study to perfect microscopic technique, and an English railroad worker to achieve his scientific education by an effort which would have staggered a lesser determination.

Like other first-rate scientific work the studies by Dr. Gye and Mr. Barnard, which the British Medical Research Council announced last week, are built on a synthesis of earlier experiments. In 1911 an American, Peyton Rous, succeeded in producing sarcoma in fowls by inoculating them with a filtered substance taken from other chicken tumors. This success seemed to indicate that there was some agent—cautiously Dr. Rous refrained from assuming that it was a living organism or virus—present in the causation of cancer, and that this agent was so small as to pass through a filter. But opposed to the theory of a definite virus have been the fact of many varieties in types of tumors, and the apparent clinical evidence that cancer is not transmitted from person to person. Dr.

Gye, accepting Dr. Rous's studies, believes that his further work not only confirms them but reconciles the objections raised by the opposing scientists who insisted that the evidence was all against the presence of a specific causative organism. This definite organism exists, he believes, in various types of malignant tumors; but it can produce cancer only when it is associated with a chemical substance, also present in tumors, which he calls "the specific factor."

In support of these claims the advance announcement of Dr. Gye's work tells of success in producing apparently typical sarcoma in a chicken by the use of virus taken from a human cancer and mixed with the specific chemical factor from a chicken tumor. Other experiments with rats and with mice seem to show that the same organism is present in each—and combined with the specific factor it will produce in an animal the special kind of cancerous growth typical of that kind. Dr. Gye's work is said to have been confirmed by other members of the Research Council in independent examinations. There is no body whose announcements are to be awaited with greater hope.

To find the cause of cancer, if that has been done, is not, of course, to find its cure. Koch found the tubercle of tuberculosis in 1882; and it is only now, more than forty years later, that announcement has been made of the discovery of a specific chemical—a salt of gold—which seems in some cases to be able to dissolve the fatty covering of that organism and destroy it in the human body without breaking down the surrounding tissues. But to learn the nature of the enemy undoubtedly is the first step toward attacking him. The press reports, which still are the only published accounts in this country of Dr. Gye's work, suggest that there has been at least a partial success in finding an antibody which is able to neutralize or destroy his cancer virus in the test animals. If that is true the way may lie open to the real conquest of one of man's ancient enemies.

In the meantime all that the most illustrious physician can do for his patient is to repeat the little which has been proved. Cancer—the crab—gradually spreading and eating away life itself, always starts as a localized disease. It is likely to develop at some point in the body where there has been a chronic irritation, by chemicals used in certain occupations, for example, or by some such mechanical agent as an ill-fitting dental plate. It is a disease of middle age and old age, and much of the undoubted increase in its incidence is due to the fact that more people now live to reach the forties, fifties, and sixties than ever before. The only hope of eradicating the disease lies in recognizing it in the early stages and cutting or burning it away. When that is done the victim may live out the rest of his natural life. But neglected or concealed, it spreads to poison and destroy the whole system.

The newspaper discussion of the work of Dr. Gye and Mr. Barnard has given the lay world a heartening glimpse into the quiet house of science. It may help to lay the phantom terrors of cancer. But at least for the present the real dangers remain, and to the person who suspects or fears them there can be no other helpful advice than to seek at once the most competent medical help which he can command.

Seven Years After

MR. BERNARD BARUCH has tendered Mr. Owen D. Young \$250,000, more or less, for the purpose of conducting an investigation into war profiteering—into “war profiteering as a cause of war, and the possibility of preventing war by taking the profit out of it.” The study will be carried on by the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations at Johns Hopkins University, of whose board of trustees Mr. Young is chairman. Research is to be conducted both here and abroad, and the final report will not be due for at least three years. The plan has received the blessing of General Pershing, who in a letter to Mr. Young sees a heightened morale in the army when it is known that wealth is equally conscripted with men.

It is well to recall some of the fabulous earnings of sturdy American enterprise in 1917 and 1918. Senate document No. 259, which Senator La Follette wrung out of an unwilling Treasury Department, sets forth the figures of thousands of nameless companies. The profits of half the coal companies reported ranged from 100 to 7,856 per cent on their capital stock. Seventeen woolen and worsted mills out of 45 listed, reported earnings of more than 100 per cent on their capital stock—one company reaching 1,770 per cent. The Chicago packers doubled and trebled their normal earnings. The United States Steel Corporation in 1916 and 1917 salted away \$888,931,000—or \$20,000,000 more than the par value of its outstanding capital stock. Cannery of fruits and vegetables earned up to 2,032 per cent; furniture manufacturers up to 3,295 per cent; clothing and dry goods stores up to 9,826 per cent. Of 506 flour mills reported, 84 earned 100 per cent or better, one reaching 2,628 per cent. Two-thirds of the listed bakeries earned better than 20 per cent—34 companies going over 100 per cent. Senator Capper, in a speech on the floor of the Senate, declared that the total profits taken by private industry during the war years equaled the total capitalization of the companies concerned. For every dollar standing to the credit of stockholders on the books a dollar came back to them—the bulk of it from war profits.

Now Mr. Baruch is not a Red. He is not to be confused with that pitiful minority which in the late crusade for God and democracy made bold to raise a howl for the conscription of wealth. Not at all. As chairman of the War Industries Board he occupied perhaps the most strategic and important position of all our loyal defenders—not excepting the President. On his shoulders rested the quite colossal job of coordinating the whole industrial structure of America in an attempt to move men and goods as the social crisis demanded, rather than permitting it to follow the chaotic vagaries of business as usual. That the job was physical rather than financial the profit figures show. At any rate he moved the goods. Few save Mr. Baruch can realize just what a monumental task that was in a country besotted in the rights and obligations of freedom of contract. He was much too busy and much too intimate with the Administration to trade in any such treasonable nonsense as the conscription of wealth—at that time.

But now, after seven years of prayer and meditation, he is ready to hand out a cool quarter of a million for what would probably have landed him in Leavenworth in 1918. Nor is he the only one. Mr. Bergquist of the American Radiator Company has evolved a plan for putting every

industrial plant in government service on the declaration of war. The *Christian Science Monitor* in an able series of articles has recently outlined another plan following the same lines. The rank odor of profiteering across the shining battalions has begun to disturb many nostrils, seven years too late.

But better late than never. And Mr. Baruch's action is particularly significant. With his hand on the pulse of the whole industrial mechanism, he was peculiarly and uniquely in a position to know whether the strangulation of profiteering would let down the morale of the forceful captains of industry. His mature conclusion—on which he stakes a small fortune—seems to be that it would not; that industrial mobilization might conceivably proceed on a profitless basis. Mr. Baruch has announced no such conclusion, but it is difficult to see how he could be induced to part with a quarter of a million unless he believed that it could be done. And even more important, he must believe that the very threat of such a procedure—the certainty that it would be adopted with the declaration of war—would have a profoundly depressive effect on the whole phenomenon of jingoism and militarism. Battered as we are with bitter memories of what actually happens when the drums begin to beat, we can only wish Mr. Baruch and Mr. Young god-speed. Never was there a research job more worth doing.

But just why does General Pershing come into the picture?

France's Color Line

THE bitter struggle in Morocco between the Riff tribes under Abd-el-Krim and the authority of Governor General Lyautey raises for reexamination the question of the success of the French colonial experiment in North Africa—especially in relation to the race and color question.

France has a deserved reputation of having come closer to solving the color question than any other great Western Power. The situation both within France itself and in her colonies is free from those tragic prejudices which make Britain's dominion in Egypt and India seem so hopeless and form a continual ferment of injustice and conflict in South Africa and in the United States. Snobbish Americans who recently tried to carry their accustomed treatment of the Negro to Paris and demanded the exclusion of that race from some of their favorite resorts received a sharp reminder of the different situation there and here. Resort owners who bent to their demands were promptly punished by the French Government, and the Americans were warned that they could not import their race prejudices into France. Other colonial Powers of the Twentieth Century have generally asserted, directly or indirectly, the doctrine of white superiority. “But France,” as William Milligan Sloane says in his recently published “Greater France in Africa,” “flatly asserts that there is no race and color question, at least officially, and uses every effort to secure complete equality, even social.”

The French attitude toward race and color has two main sources. One is the natural tolerance, the spirit of “live and let live,” which is one of the finest characteristics of the French people. The other is a definite political policy which recognizes the value of the people of North Africa as a military reservoir and sees the advantage of holding

their friendship and loyalty. Yet in spite of the generally reasonable attitude of the French, both official and unofficial, toward race and color, equality is far from achieved in North Africa, if we accept the account of Mr. Sloane. In fact, equality is a slogan for political consumption rather than an actual administrative program. Mr. Sloane visited Morocco and Algeria as a guest of the French Government and a representative of the Committee France-America. The account of his visit may without offense be said to be friendly toward France. Yet he does not conceal that, in spite of any assertion to the contrary, there is a race and color question in North Africa and that French experiment is, at best, only an approach toward the enormous difficulties and intricacies of a problem where science and reason find themselves continually halted by ancient human prejudices and passions. Even in Algeria, where France has had a foothold since 1815 and general control for three-fourths of a century, Mr. Sloane finds that race equality is not yet a reality.

The literature of French Africa is fairly large [he says], and many so-called novels deal with real life in Algeria. A dispassionate reader finds the plot, either incidentally or mainly, concerned with the hard lot of natives who, after being Gallicized, aim at social equality. There is in them a frank admission of the friction between the subject and dominant races. This would seem to indicate that in Algeria at least there is a race, if not a color question.

There are many complexities of race and color in North Africa. The Arabs belong to the Semitic branch and the Berbers to the Hamitic division of the Caucasian race. Both are therefore technically "white," but long exposure to African suns and circumstances has given them a hue almost as dark as that of the Negroes, who have for centuries formed another considerable element in North Africa—larger still today, when France imports troops from south of the Sahara to fight her battles for her. In the cities there is also an appreciable Jewish admixture. Mr. Sloane says that in the large cities of Algeria the Europeans and the natives have separate quarters, although mixing in a business way. Of the country communities Mr. Sloane gives this description:

Some are purely Oriental towns of small size, with crooked dirty streets, a little market-place and scanty bazaars, with a mosque and shabby minaret. Others are just as purely European, built of low one- or two-storied bungalows, arranged on streets in some variation of the checker-board plan, with a public square, shops, and a tavern or two. In the European towns of Algeria there are always a few natives, in the native towns a few Europeans. But for all practical purposes the permanent inhabitants are segregated from each other.

Segregation in a modified form is also under way in Morocco. The mixing of Europeans and natives in the large cities has not been entirely satisfactory, says Mr. Sloane.

Accordingly at a certain distance, a mile at least, generally more, from the great towns and administrative centers of each district there have been erected small French hamlets where the officials and their families reside in pleasant French homes. . . . These bits of France, kept discreetly apart, seem to give no offense to the natives, content with their own unmolested towns and cities, their mosques uncontaminated by infidel feet, their bazaars and market-places.

The Women, Bless 'Em!

CHICAGO has decided to include women on its juries; Detroit has opened the smoking seats on its trolley cars to the gentler sex, and Nantasket Beach near Boston has boldly set out public benches marked "Reserved for Women—Smoking Permitted." But in New York a stalwart judge sent a bold young miss to jail because she ventured on the street in a male Palm Beach suit and a flat straw hat. "Knickers are the limit," said the magistrate.

Just why a young lady should desire to hide her nether limbs in the curious bifurcated bags affected by twentieth-century man is a problem for philosophers; but that problem seems to us simpler than the solution of the fears of the magistrate. Presumably he thought that in sentencing the girl to jail he was protecting society against some impending danger. What was it? Knickers he approved; and apparently he had no protest to make against the knee-length skirts and "bobbed hosies" which adorn the city streets. Trousers, however, caused him to shudder.

Men have always taken a certain pleasure in shuddering at the ways of the wild young women. Cato, a good many hundred years ago, cried out against the "new" woman: "What sort of practice is this of running out into public, besetting the streets, and addressing other people's husbands?" Juvenal, three hundred years later, thought that the current feminine taste for literature was likely to lead to homicide; Giordano Bruno, the enlightened reformer of his day, generously proclaimed: "I allow women to learn: to teach, never!" And Giuliano de' Medici would not permit the ladies to hunt or play tennis.

When, in 1852, the suffragists sought to introduce the ample garment which came to be known as the "bloomer" the moral sense of good Americans was shocked. Mobs drove the daring creatures off the streets; small boys hooted them, and followed them singing:

Gibbery, gibbery, gab!
The women had a confab,
And demanded the rights
To wear the tights.
Gibbery, gibbery, gab!

And what were the lascivious garments affected by Amelia Bloomer and her friends, which caused such a furore and gave Mrs. Bloomer's serious paper, the *Lily*, such a boost in circulation? They were not the bloomers of today. They consisted of a skirt reaching half way between the knee and the ankle, with "moderately full trousers" below, gathered with an elastic band at the ankle—or, in winter, tucked into high shoes.

Years after the crusaders had abandoned their effort at dress reform the bicycle brought belated relief to the be-skirted female. Now the young women regard even the bicycle bloomer with hoots of scorn. A new generation has arisen which does not know that employers used to forbid their slaves to wear short sleeves or to bob their hair. They breathe the air of unconscious freedom—and fill it with the smoke of their cigarettes. Who today would hail the flapper with such a toast as greeted Miss Anthony when she made her maiden speech:

Our characters they elevate,
Our manners they refine;
Without them we'd degenerate
To the level of swine.

Darrow vs. Bryan

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Dayton, Tennessee, July 19.

WHEN on the fourth day after the opening of the famous trial at Dayton Clarence Darrow arose with the characteristic hitch of his shoulders and began his first electrical speech, a tremor went through the assembled army of newspapermen as they awoke with a start from the spell which Dayton had cast upon them. So calm was the confidence of the little town, so indisputably real were the proceedings which had seemed at a little distance utterly preposterous that one was on the point of taking the trial with a certain seriousness not merely as a social phenomenon, but as a discussion of a real question. One was rapidly approaching the point where one could hear without amazement the opinion of a man who saw nothing unreasonable in the proposal to scrap all the geological and biological science of 125 years in favor of the picturesque myth of Genesis. Here was a court duly convened to pass judgment upon a crime which had arisen out of a law duly passed by the legislature of a sovereign State; here, arranged in order, were the opposing counsel; and here, strangest of all, was a grave judge, clothed in the majesty of the law, who was known to all as a staunch supporter of those to whom Tennessee's fantastic statute seemed sound common sense. Either all the visible world or oneself had obviously gone mad and one was not sure it was not oneself.

Nor had there been up to that moment a single incident to break the spell. Dayton had received her visitors with a slow and kindly smile which seemed to say "Rest assured, we shall annihilate you as gently as we can," and in the courtroom the same atmosphere had prevailed. With that courteous drawl of the South, so disarming to those who do not know with what inflexible obstinacy it can give utterance to the blackest prejudices, the judge had welcomed the visiting counsel and they had responded with suitable words. Securely intrenched behind religion and respectability, the prosecution anticipated no real unpleasantness, for its members had never in their lives heard any one question, save in apologetic terms, the complacent combination of ignorance and superstition for which it stood. That the defense could be other than defensive it never doubted, and it seemed as though no one would have the courage to tell these simple bigots where they really stood. They were mild because their authority had never been questioned, but they had succeeded somehow in making it seem that to tell them the truth about themselves would be the mere brutality of a boorish guest.

Then on this fourth day Darrow arose. He began as all before him had begun, with trivial courtesies. He thanked the court for bestowing upon him the title Colonel; the judge, with a twinkle of good fellowship in his eye, bade him "take it back to Chicago," and the vicious circle of empty courtesies seemed once more to have established itself when, with a transition too quick to be noticed, Darrow was suddenly in the midst of an impassioned oration, shaking his finger in the face of the astonished judge and denouncing in angry, rage-stirring words the intolerance, bigotry, and arrogance of that community

of which the judge himself was known to be a typical member. Upon the face of the latter was written shocked amazement, and the correspondents rubbed their ears to be sure that they heard aright, but the spell was broken and Dayton heard for the first time the voice of an enlightened man who was not afraid to speak his mind.

In Tennessee, as I said in a previous article, intellectual courage is almost dead. Whatever is done in the name of patriotism or religion may consider itself as exempt from any but the most respectful criticism, and anything like a vigorous liberal opinion seemed as unreal and remote to Dayton as the Daytonian psychology seems to a man who has spent his life in intellectual society. Even the State University had given the acquiescence of silence, but here, come from afar, was a man who dared to do what no Tennessean had done—hold up a mirror that she might see herself as the world saw her—and the effect was electrical. That Dayton was converted I should be far from maintaining, but she recognized courage and she respected it. For the first time the insolence of ignorance was shaken because for the first time it was questioned.

What Darrow's speech would look like in cold print I do not know, but there was unquestionable greatness both in the passion with which it was uttered and in the calculation of the moment for utterance; and when he concluded with the solemn warning that "with flying banners and beating drums we are marching backward to the glorious age of the sixteenth century when bigots lighted faggots to burn the men who dared to bring any intelligence and enlightenment and culture to the human mind" even Dayton stopped to think. However much or little it may have directly accomplished, it gave to Tennessee an invaluable example of the only possible way in which she can fight the bigotry which is drawing her back into barbarism.

Many a time during the course of that eloquent tirade and many a time during the next few days when Darrow, Neal, Hays, or Malone rose for a few seconds to voice some legal objection in terms which implied unmistakably their contempt for this court in which no fairness could be expected, the eyes of the crowd turned toward the peerless leader from whom it confidently awaited vindication and triumph. Though for several days Mr. Bryan continued unbroken the silence which he had maintained, the increasing speed of the fan which he used and the tightening of the lines about his mouth showed that not a few of the arrows were reaching home and that he was stung to the heart by these men who refused to respect the bogus claims to learning and liberality by which he set so much store and treated him as the fraud which he is. Finally he could stand it no longer. He got up to say merely that in due time he would answer, and the applause which greeted this announcement showed clearly how fully his audience expected him to keep his word.

At last the moment came and he arose to make his plea for the exclusion of all testimony from either scientists or theologians. He began with the now famous references to his long list of honorary degrees, but he must have been subconsciously aware of the fact that though any

college can grant honorary degrees it is beyond human power to confer any honorary learning, for he soon turned to develop his chief plea—a plea for ignorance as uncorrupted as possible by any knowledge. There is, he said, no such thing as a Bible expert; learning is useless and only faith can count. The opinion of a bushman just converted is as good as that of the scholar who has devoted a lifetime to the study of the text. Even the most ignorant man in all the throng was, I believe, a little ashamed, and all eyes turned to Dudley Malone, who had been chosen to answer him of the silver tongue.

Of Malone's speech I have no space to give an account but it was, like the speech of Darrow, undoubtedly great when considered as a part of the drama which the defense was staging. With all the vocal art and the genuine passion for which the occasion called it pleaded for fair play, it stated the simple case for light against darkness, and, reaching its height, it taunted Bryan in stinging words with his cowardice in declaring before the world that the trial at Dayton was a duel to death between science and religion and then refusing to fight the contest which he himself had so loudly proclaimed. Nor was there the slightest doubt who, for the moment, had won. A dormant sense of fair play had turned even the fundamentalists for an instant against their leader, and the applause which broke forth, twice as great in volume and duration as that which had greeted Mr. Bryan, showed conclusively that in this particular duel Mr. Bryan had lost even in the midst of his own camp. It seemed almost true that, as Mr. Mencken, seated behind me, excitedly exclaimed, "Tennessee needs only fifteen minutes of free speech to become civilized."

For a moment one was almost sorry for the great leader who had fallen so low. Driven from politics and journalism because of obvious intellectual incompetence, become ballyhoo for boom-town real estate in his search for lucrative employment, and forced into religion as the only quasi-intellectual field in which mental backwardness and complete insensibility to ideas can be used as an advantage, he already knows that he is compelled to seek in the most remote rural regions for the applause so necessary to his contentment. Yet even in Dayton, as choice a stronghold of ignorance and bigotry as one could hope to find, he goes down in defeat in the only contest where he has met his antagonists face to face. For a moment, as I said, one pities him and yet such pity is, of course, not really called for. Even as he loses he wins; no argument and no real victory are needed. The judge, ruling as he knows he was expected to rule, debars from the jury the only testimony which is really pertinent to the case, denies to the defense the only plea which they would desire to make, and the trial at Dayton is, to all intents and purposes, over at a time when the jury has not been allowed in the courtroom for more than fifteen minutes.

No one knows what the ultimate result will be. In a higher court the law may be pronounced unconstitutional or the present proceedings declared a mistrial, but whatever happens the affair at Dayton has taught several valuable lessons. It has shown conclusively that the danger, often referred to by liberals, of laws that will reduce the United States to a bondage more complete than that of the darkest puritan village of colonial New England, is no fantastic danger but one real and present; and it has shown also that the only possible way in which that danger can be fought is with a bitterness and vigor equal to

that of those who provoke it. The mob is up; it has tasted blood and smelled smoke. Fair words are useless, for with every concession it grows in strength and determination; and it will not do to rest quietly behind the Constitution, for the Constitution is not an impregnable wall. It is subject to change and, as Mr. Darrow said in a quotation from Bancroft which we may have occasion to find all too true, "it is right to preserve freedom in constitutions, but when the spirit of freedom has fled from the hearts of the people, then its matter is easily sacrificed under the law." So far as Tennessee is concerned the only question worth asking is "How many are her Neals?" And so far as the country at large is concerned, "How many are her Hayses, her Darrows, and her Malones?"

The Holy Rollers on Shin Bone Ridge

By ALLENE M. SUMNER

THE Holy Rollers of Dayton, Tennessee, chose the week of the evolution trial for their revival time. "The sin down there in the valley must be wiped out by the glory of the Lamb," said the Rollers.

The Holy Rollers of Dayton have no church. God frowns upon money, they say, and the contractors and carpenters of Dayton refuse to put stone and mortar together without money. The Holy Rollers, therefore, found their "arbor church" on Shin Bone Ridge—two massive elm trees, their huge limbs swollen and cracked with age, their leaves interlacing. Rough wooden benches semi-circled the elms. And crude tea-pots with fat white wicks crammed into their snouts blew opal flame into the silver of the moonlit night. Night things all about. The screech of the bob-cat. The wail of the whippoorwill. A whirl of bats' wings, and the staccato of insects. The great mountains like black-robed Druids keeping watch over their own.

The Holy Rollers, a hundred or more, sat on the benches and on the dew-wet grass. Curious folks from the town came to their cars and sat and listened. A deputy sheriff with his pink-dressed girl—sometimes there is trouble.

"Folks, we's only got'n three books an' they ain't all aliken but we can holler somehow," said Preacher Joe Leffew, clad in blue shirt, torn across the back, showing his sun-bronzed flesh, with torn blue overalls reeking of the mule team. The hymn rolled out. A hymn thunderous with rhythm. There was a stamping of bare and hobnailed feet, a swaying of bodies, old men and old women, girls and boys and little children.

We ain't goin' to sin any more, Lamb,
We ain't goin' to sin any more, God,
We's all goin' to glory, God,
And wash in the blood of the Lamb.

The song became a dirge and the dirge became a fiendish thing, rising in howls and wails and moanings that stilled the wild things of the night.

Preacher Joe Leffew preached. "Some folks thinks as how as we-uns are funny people. They come here, poor sinners that they are, to mock an' revile us. Here's our word of Scripture. 'An' Christ reeled to an' fro, as a drunken man.' Now, children, dear childrer me folks think that means the Lamb was a

all. It says 'as a drunken man.' You cain't tell me God's son ever went home all soused up."

Preacher Joe Leffew assailed education. "I ain't got no learnin' an' never had none," said Preacher Joe Leffew. "Glory be to the Lamb! Some folks work their hands off'n up 'n to the elbows to give their young-uns education, and all they do is send their young-uns to hell."

"Glory to His name," shouted the huddled figures, misty-gray in the night damp.

"I ain't let no newspaper in my cabin for nigh unto a year since the Lord bathed me in His blood," said Preacher Leffew.

"Glory to the Lamb," wailed the chorus of the saved.

"I never sinned enough to look in one of these here almanacs."

"Praise His name," wailed the chorus of the saved.

"I've got eight young-uns in the cabin and three in glory, and I know they're in glory because I never learned 'em nothin'."

"Glory to the Lord," wailed the chorus of the saved.

"I've gotta team of good mules and a wagon an' that's all I have got, but I'd give 'em away tomorrow for more of this good old-time religion."

"Praise God," thundered the chorus of the saved.

Testifying began. An old woman of seventy, her gray hairs straggling over her lean, sun-bronzed face. Hands at her hips, she paced the circle hemmed in by wooden benches. She twisted her sharp-boned old body into gyrations, touched the ground, shrieked and moaned. Ma Ferguson "speaks with tongues" and testifies with strange and stirring words.

"We cain't repine on no flow'ry beds of ease," said Ma Ferguson. "We gotta save the daughters—gotta save their bodies—gotta stop fornication."

"Glory to God," wailed the chorus of the saved.

A group of calico-gowned mountain women came for-

ward, each about to bring one more potential Holy Roller into this vale of grief and woe, each carrying an infant in her lean, bronzed arms. Like a Greek chorus in the hollow of the night they moaned and swayed and cried together, rocking their babies in rhythm with their "speech of tongues." The hard, dry years that sap the living juice from the bodies of mountain women had leathered their faces. The strange light of a vision was in their eyes. They dropped their little bundles of baby flesh. The moon was high now. Blue and silver and amber it dripped light through the elm leaves. The mountain women dropped to the ground. They clutched hands and kicked and frothed and moaned: "Gotta save the daughters—gotta save their bodies—gotta save their bodies——"

Again the preacher, his eyes popping out like blue marbles, his shock of corn-colored hair on end, preached. He dragged a bench from the outer circle into the central hollow. "Come, sinners," he implored, "come to the moaning bench."

Song after song was wailed in the hollow of the night.

From the manger to the cross,
Not a moment's time was lost.

Drama. A spurt of orange. A girl's shrill treble laugh dying into a hoarse sob. A girl of sixteen in a flaming sport dress had thrown herself, a little huddled heap, upon the bench. Her hands dug into the dirt of the ground. Sobs wrenched her. Her voice was piping and shrill. "Jesus, save me; God, help me; Christ, come to me."

The "saved" surrounded her. Ma Ferguson bent her white hairs over the bench, an arm about the sobbing girl. The mountain women huddled about her. Preacher Leffew stroked her white arm: "Save her from fornication, God; Jesus, put Your mark upon her."

Hour after hour passed, the treble piping was hoarse. Midnight—and the Holy Rollers, damp and limp with exhaustion, lay flung out upon the grass.

France, Bankrupt

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, June 27

AFTER a platonic demonstration of 240 Socialists, Radical, and Communist deputies in favor of a capital levy—platonic because, whatever the merits of the proposal, it could not solve the immediate difficulties—Parliament has adopted the government measures by overwhelming majorities. It could not do otherwise, for the eleventh hour has been reached. The state has to pay nearly two billion francs on July 1 for bonds issued in 1922 which fall due on that day and have not been renewed, and the Treasury is empty. Failing a compulsory moratorium, which would have amounted to an act of national bankruptcy, the money had to be found somehow.

It has been found by a new currency inflation. The further increase of the note circulation by six billion francs—in addition to the increase of four billions voted in April—will just cover the bonds falling due on July 1 and those coming to maturity on September 25, which amount to about 3,800,000,000 francs. It is true that it is not an inflation to meet a budget deficit, and the floating debt is not since the new banknotes will simply be

exchanged for bonds. Nevertheless, it will inevitably affect the exchange value of the franc. The heavy fall in the franc during the last few days has been due to the anticipation of a new issue of banknotes. The Paris stock exchange has been in a nervous state, which, as the pay day of July 1 approached without any provision being made to meet it, verged on panic.

The payments due in July and September are not the only immediate difficulties that M. Caillaux has to face. The danger of a huge floating debt is becoming more and more evident. For the last ten years the French Government has been inflating by an unlimited issue of treasury bonds repayable in three, six, or twelve months, which are in effect banknotes bearing interest. This is one of the makeshifts by which the annual budget deficit has been covered. So long as the holders of treasury bonds renewed them when they fell due, as most of them did until a few months ago, this system of camouflage inflation, which has been, of course, one of the principal causes of the fall of the franc, went gaily on without thought for the future. It was evident that, if for any cause confi-

dence was shaken, the holders of treasury bonds would stop renewing them, and I, for one, have been saying for the last five years or more that this would happen sooner or later. It is happening now. The state is being called upon to reimburse treasury bonds at the average rate of about two billion francs a month. Unless this can be checked somehow, France is faced with imminent bankruptcy, for the total of the floating debt is about the same as that of the consolidated debt—150 billion francs in round figures.

One would have thought that the holders of treasury bonds would prefer them in present circumstances to banknotes—and M. Caillaux rather counted on that when he first took office—but it is not the case. The hoarding of banknotes in private hands still continues, although the notes hoarded have already lost anything up to three-fourths of their value according to the date at which they were first put in the stocking or under the bed. It seems impossible to eradicate the French mania for hoarding. The Bank of France estimates that the gold coins hoarded by private individuals in France amount to about two billion francs (equivalent to about eight billion paper francs). There is more sense in hoarding gold, although, of course, it is disastrous from the point of view of the general interest that money should thus be kept idle, but to hoard notes in present conditions is insane. Nevertheless, something like 10 per cent of the French paper currency is probably hoarded at this moment. One of the objects of hoarding is to evade taxation. This is an example of the French lack of the only useful form of patriotism—civism or public spirit. The habit of hoarding is one of the causes of French financial difficulties, and one of the reasons why the national income of France is lower in proportion to the national wealth than that of most other countries. It compels the state to maintain a much larger currency than is required for the purposes of circulation, it diminishes the national revenue by concealing taxable capacity, and it immobilizes a large part of the capital of the country, which is not available for any productive purpose.

During the last few weeks M. Caillaux has made one proposal after another for dealing with the situation thus created, but what the bankers approved the politicians disapproved and vice versa. His best proposal, perhaps, was the ingenious solution of fixing a maximum limit for the amount of banknotes and treasury bonds combined, without fixing the proportion of either category. This would have enabled banknotes to be issued to meet treasury bonds as they were presented for repayment, without increasing the floating debt. It would not have meant a new inflation in the true sense of the term, but would rather have prevented any further inflation. The bankers, however, feared that this would not be understood by the French public, which does not realize that an unlimited issue of treasury bonds at short term is just as much inflation as an unlimited issue of banknotes. The rulers of France during the last ten years have taken care that the French people should not realize it. They have persistently asserted that they were not inflating. M. Caillaux, therefore, dropped this suggestion and fell back on the attempt to consolidate the floating debt by a "gold loan" issued only to holders of treasury bonds and in exchange for such bonds.

At present this loan is quite voluntary, but, in my

opinion, the chances are that it will before long have to be made compulsory. I doubt whether a sufficient number of treasury bondholders will take the loan in exchange for their bonds unless they are compelled. It is understood that the interest is to be only 4 per cent, that of the treasury bonds being 5 per cent, but it is to be guaranteed at the rate of the dollar exchange at the moment of issue. Thus, if the franc fell subsequently to half its exchange value at the time of issue, the interest would rise to 8 per cent in paper francs, and so on, and the market value of the stock would rise in paper francs accordingly. Of course, on the assumption that the franc is going to depreciate much more, this is a great advantage to the investor, who would be better off with the loan than with treasury bonds, but that assumption is rather a damaging one for the state to make. In effect, the French Government is saying goodbye to the franc, or, if not, investors will have no motive for taking the loan. No doubt the loan gives the French Government a motive for arresting the fall of the franc, but then where is the attraction to the investor? If the franc could be stabilized at its present rate, every treasury bondholder that subscribed to the loan would be worse off. It is to be feared that the fact that the French Government so evidently anticipates a further depreciation of the franc will not tend to restore public confidence. It is at best a desperate remedy, but the situation is desperate.

M. Caillaux cannot be blamed. He inherited the situation. His first business was to balance the budget as the necessary preliminary to any measures for stabilizing the franc and putting the Treasury on a sound basis. He has succeeded in doing that, if his taxation proposals are accepted, but he is now called upon to provide for sudden emergencies due to the follies of his predecessors. If chauvinism and patriotism were synonyms, patriotism would induce the holders of treasury bonds to exchange them for the new loan, but the French have never yet shown any disposition to sacrifice their personal financial interests, or what they believe to be their interests, to the public good. As somebody said during the war, the French bourgeois are quite willing to let their sons be killed, but you mustn't ask them for five francs. My belief is that it will be found necessary to consolidate the floating debt by a compulsory loan, but we shall see to what extent the loan is subscribed, and to what extent it checks the demand for repayment of treasury bonds. If the loan be subscribed wholly or principally by persons that would otherwise renew their treasury bonds and the demands for repayment continue to the same or even a greater extent, as is possible, the problem will not have been solved, and the present dangerous situation will continue.

One thing, at any rate, is done by the law just passed. The maximum amount of the floating debt is limited to the amount at which it stands after the subscription of the loan. This means that no more treasury bonds can be issued, except to replace bonds presented for repayment, and that there can be no further inflation by this means. The amount of the floating debt can be increased in the future only by the sums necessary to repay loans at short term, as distinct from treasury bonds, when they come to maturity. On December 8 another series of bonds issued in December, 1922, to the amount of about ten million francs, will fall due. If all the holders, or the majority of them, demand repayment, it will be a serious matter.

In spite of the large majority by which the law was

passed by the Chamber, the position of the Government is gravely shaken. In the vote on the Socialist counter-proposal of a capital levy two-thirds of the Left Bloc voted for the proposal and against the Government, which had made the question one of confidence. In the final vote the law as a whole was adopted by 330 votes against 34, but there were more than 200 abstentions, including all the Socialist deputies.

The Left Bloc is, in fact, disintegrated, and the two principal factors in its disintegration have been the war in Morocco and the financial question. M. Painlevé has always said that he would not continue in office without a majority of the Left. He may feel justified in remaining for the present, since the majority of the Left voted with the Government on the adoption of the law—there were many abstentions on the Right—and it is desirable that he should,

for a change of government at this moment would not facilitate the solution of the many urgent problems of internal and international politics. Moreover, it would now be almost impossible to form another Government of the Left unless the Socialists consented to join it. That they are most unwilling to do, for it would mean, among other things, taking the responsibility for the war in Morocco, and it is unlikely that the party would in any case consent to ministerial participation. The Socialist national congress on July 12 may do something to make the situation clearer, but at this moment it seems unlikely that the present Government can last long. The conflict about the capital levy will be renewed, and there is strong feeling among the Radicals as well as the Socialists that M. Cailaux's taxation proposals are not sufficiently bold and do not demand enough from the rich.

The Deflated Farmer

By JAMES W. QUIGLEY

HAS the farmer come back? An answer to this question is necessary to any conclusion regarding the genuineness of prosperity in the United States. Farming in the Northwest, and in parts of the South, is virtually, and to a considerable extent actually, in receivership. The hard lot of the farmer has been the primary cause of the failure of the largest railway unit in the United States, two of the largest fertilizer companies, several important packing companies, and a great number of other manufacturing corporations, wholesale companies, and retail businesses. Banking suspensions, which aggregated 119 and 107, respectively, in 1910 and 1911, typical pre-war years, numbered 578 in 1923, 613 in 1924, and 255 for the first half of 1925. More than 70 per cent of these closed banks are in fifteen Western States.

The agricultural depression, while it lasted, was so severe as to threaten depopulation even of productive communities. This was forcibly brought to my attention in 1923 in connection with a report of an investigation as to the advisability of assisting farmers in Golden Valley County, Montana, to pay 1923 taxes. An examination of the tax list showed that, out of a total of approximately 900 farmers who undertook to farm in 1923 to some extent, and who had been landowners, not over 200 would be able to hold their land. The property of all the rest had been foreclosed or was in process of foreclosure or was to be foreclosed in the course of the next few months. The tax record showed that only 160 farmers residing in the county and operating their farms had paid as much as half of their 1923 taxes. Of this number, approximately one-fifth owed part of their taxes prior to 1923. With taxes almost entirely unpaid, it is obvious that other debts of these farmers received scant attention.

Corporate reorganization commonly has for its purpose the reduction of fixed charges. When actual and prospective earnings of a company are clearly inadequate to justify the annual charges for borrowed money, the only solution is a drastic writing down of capital assets and capital liabilities. Like that of the industries dependent upon him, the farmer's answer to his financial troubles was bankruptcy. Farm-land values in the Northwestern States

increased 200 to 250 per cent from 1914 to 1920. The 1914 values represented a fair estimate of the worth of the land as a capital asset. Taxes on this land increased during the same period 150 to 325 per cent. If one doubles the price of land and more than doubles the taxes, and uses these inflated values as the basis for the farmer's debts, the hopelessness of his situation should occasion no surprise. While any general statement must be varied for the individual farmer and particular locality, agriculture is today essentially a deflated industry. It has scaled down its inflated capital account and reduced its fixed charges. Its floating debts have been eliminated. As a result, it is able to reap the fullest advantage from the increased price of farm products.

The United States courts closed approximately 18,000 bankruptcy cases in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1914. Of these, approximately 1,000 were cases of farmers. In the fiscal year of 1924 approximately 42,000 cases were closed and of these nearly 8,000 were cases of farmers. While the total number of cases increased about 125 per cent, bankruptcy petitions of farmers increased 600 per cent. The farmers' proportion of all cases was 1/18 in 1914, 1/5 in 1924. Farmers' cases were 1/9 of the Georgia total in 1914, 1/4 in 1924; 1/10 of the Nebraska total in 1914, 1/3 in 1924; 1/3 of the 1914 Montana total, 2/3 in 1924; 1/2 of the 1914 North Dakota total, 4/5 in 1924; 1/3 of the 1914 South Dakota total, 3/5 in 1924. Georgia showed a 1,000 per cent increase of farmers' bankruptcy cases in ten years; Nebraska, 1,300 per cent; Montana, 900 per cent; North Dakota, 600 per cent; South Dakota, 500 per cent. These figures take on an added significance when it is recalled that a farmer cannot be forced into bankruptcy, and that, by assignments under State laws, homestead and other exemptions, and transfers of property to relatives, there are numerous devices other than bankruptcy by which the farmer, as a practical matter, can put his property out of the effective reach of creditors. The dissemination of the knowledge of methods of debt evasion and the ease with which this knowledge can be successfully applied has undermined the morale of many Middle Western and Southern communities and is the cause of much

concern to bankers and others doing business in those localities.

The actual result of bankruptcy has been financially beneficial to nearly every farmer, whether renter or landowner, whose burden of debt was excessive. If a renter, his personal and family exemptions usually leave him a considerable nucleus of property for recommencing operations, with all debts wiped out. If a landowner, his situation is not so simple, but the result is similar. Suppose a landowner has title to 160 acres, valued by him at \$150 an acre, or \$24,000, and worth, on a fair capitalization of earnings, \$100 an acre, or \$16,000. Against this he has a first mortgage of \$9,000, which, with past-due interest, amounts to about \$10,000. He has bank debts of \$4,000, secured by chattel mortgage on farm machinery and live stock which cost \$6,000 and is fairly worth \$3,000 at depreciated values. These debts are additionally secured by a second mortgage on his farm. Besides these secured debts, he has miscellaneous obligations amounting to \$1,000 or more to local merchants, doctors, fertilizer companies, and others. The farmer becomes discouraged and, following the example of his neighbors, he files a petition in bankruptcy, known locally as "taking the cure." His sole listed assets consist of his equities in real estate and chattels. The filing of the petition in bankruptcy forces the first mortgagee to foreclose his mortgage, on which there is certain to be a default. There is no market for real estate at any price in a bankrupt community and the first mortgagee is forced to bid in the property at the foreclosure sale for the amount of the mortgage. He thus squeezes out the holder of the second mortgage. The chattel mortgagee has no course open except to foreclose his mortgage. It is to the interest of the first mortgagee, who now has title to the property, to keep the farmer on the land, so he offers to rent the farmer the premises, furnish him with seed, and buy in the chattels at the foreclosure sale. There is no chance for the holder of the chattel mortgage to get fair bids for the personal property. The residents of the community have no current resources, and, even if they had, they would not bid against a neighbor. Unless the chattel mortgagee can take over the property himself, which in most cases is impossible, the actual result is that the chattels are sold for a few hundred dollars at the foreclosure sale, either to the farmer owner or to the first mortgagee for the owner's account. It is commonly said that at a foreclosure sale a mule with a dollar-bill tied to his tail will bring sixty cents. I have before me the record of three foreclosure sales on which the mortgagee realized \$222.43, \$343.43, and \$346.80, respectively. The value of the chattels sold, according to the financial statements of the owners, was from \$3,500 to \$5,000 in each case. Some of the individual items on the sheriff's returns are as follows:

3 mules	\$18.00
Wagon and harness.....	3.00
13 ranch horses.....	7.00
Wagon	4.00
Drill	5.00
8 plows	7.00
Threshing machine	15.00
Fordson tractor	16.50
3 cows and 1 yearling.....	18.50

The last stage in the farmer's rehabilitation follows his discharge in bankruptcy. The first mortgagee reconveys

the land and the chattels to the farmer for a sum equal to the old first mortgage plus the amount advanced for the repurchase of the chattels and takes a new long-term first mortgage as security. The farmer has his land back, with his machinery and his live stock. His second mortgage, chattel mortgage, and all his current floating debts are extinguished, wheat is \$1.50 a bushel, and the Department of Agriculture promises him the third largest corn crop on record.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has been hitchhiking. His young friends have long been telling him of the joys of the road, and he saw no reason why years of presumed discretion should keep him from acquaintance with this national sport. When he was young the wild young men were supposed to take to the sea—though very few did; today, apparently, all the young men and women take to the road. Tales of transcontinental pilgrimages stirred the Drifter's blood; modestly, he set out to try the highways of Vermont.

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CITY folk are suspicious of the stranger when on their own heath—or cement; but the Drifter had supposed that a city man touring the hill-country with his wife would be glad to give a weary foot-passenger a lift. Not so. The Drifter acquired a new yardstick for automobiles. A Ford with a vacant seat meant a sure offer of a lift; any modest country car or local delivery wagon meant probable hospitality; the big polished city touring car or limousine was sure to whiz past in silent disdain. It may be different in the West; for the sake of the continental hitchhikers the Drifter hopes so.

* * * * *

SOME say that hitchhiking has been overdone, and that the automobilists lose patience with the abundance of parasitic pedestrians. The vice-president of a cracker-factory, after inviting the Drifter to ride, poured forth a flood of carrier's fears. He hardly ever picked up hikers, this worthy said; they were too likely to repay their host by beating him and robbing him. A series of accounts of such affrays in the South and the Far West, all told in detail, but at fourth or fifth hand, followed. The Drifter gasped a pained expression of gratitude under the circumstances; his host replied that after all he was glad to help—his club's motto was: "He profits most who serves best." "And what is the club?" "The Rotary Club." The Drifter kept his peace, while the discourse on service flowed on.

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THE vice-president of the cracker factory, however, while venting his fears and his Rotarian ideals, drove twenty miles out of his way in order to help the Drifter toward his goal, and appalled the Drifter by stopping in one village to buy strawberry ice-cream cones for himself and his guest. Indeed, all the Drifter's hosts were overwhelmingly generous. A young theological student who was earning his tuition by peddling cakes through the mountain villages presented the Drifter with one of his finest products; and a philosophic mechanic opened a discourse on fishing by offering the Drifter a cake of sweet chocolate. A lonely traveling salesman was pathetically grateful for company; and one friendly soul, after dropping the Drifter, did an errand of his own and then cruised on up the Drifter's little-traveled road to help him further on his journey.

THE Drifter passed signs that marked the route to Calvin Coolidge's birthplace, but his infidel feet turned in another direction. Nothing that he saw in those hills explained the taciturn President to him. He found the Vermonters eager to talk about their green hills. Several had spent odd days working on the "Long Trail" that follows the mountains from Canada to Massachusetts. An awning-maker begged the Drifter to camp with him that very night. These men knew where the fish lurked, and spoke of hunting trips with enthusiasm; they had scant gift for poetic expression, but poetry was in their hearts. The most passionate hunter among them, after telling of bear and deer, and of balsam camps and lonely ponds, added: "I like to hunt. But somehow I don't care much about killing the animals any more."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

An Answer to the Left Wing

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The arguments advanced by Mr. Louis Hyman in your issue of July 22 in defense of his acts and the acts of his fellow-"joint-actionists" are as mythical and as removed from reality as is his "committee of action."

It is hardly necessary, at this time, to reiterate that the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union has, ever since its organization, maintained a consistent record as a progressive labor union, and that it has never attempted and does not now attempt to control the political views or activities of its members; that it does not consider it improper for a local union to arrange May Day demonstrations or to invite radical speakers to address such meetings.

A definite line of demarcation, however, must be drawn between the mere expression of political views by the members within the organization, or their political activities outside the organization, and activities which have for their object the committing of the union to an outside organization to the extent of taking orders from such organization and thereby dividing the union along lines entirely foreign to its aims, objects, and struggles.

A movement of the latter kind has developed within the last few years under the auspices of the Communist Party, the Workers Party, the Trade Union Educational League, and similar groups. The all-important feature which distinguishes these organizations from all other radical political organizations which we knew in the past is that their definite and announced purpose it to dictate policies of our union, to "capture" its officials and locals, to discredit the administration of our union under all circumstances, and to bring dissension and discord within our ranks. That this is the purpose of the organizations mentioned is clearly shown by their own publications, their official programs, and above all by the consistently abusive, hostile, and pernicious attitude of their Jewish organ, to which Mr. Hyman and his fellow-"joint-actionists" loyally and steadily contribute.

Mr. Hyman denies that the majority of the suspended members of the three executive boards are members of the Workers Party and says that only minorities among them belong to it. When these suspended officials were running for election last fall they *all* denied before the election committee that they were Communists or that they belonged to any leagues hostile to the I. L. G. W. U. They *all* signed statements to the effect that "they do not belong to any Communist leagues and that they consider such leagues as a menace and a detriment to the trade-union movement." When they got into office, however, they threw off their masks and began to sabotage every constructive effort of the union. Now they are professing that *not all* of them are members of the Communist Party, but they are just

as truthful and sincere about it as they were when they denied it before the election committee last fall.

The rest of Mr. Hyman's argument is, from the point of veracity, just as substantial. A sample of it is contained in the assertion that the union's policy is to "call fake strikes and to line the pockets of its henchmen"—a statement so preposterous that it will only provoke smiles among our members. In line with it is the statement that "they have demanded an accounting for the expenditure of \$2,000,000 by the Joint Board," made obviously to create the impression that the Joint Board spends lavishly millions of dollars without system and accounting, whereas it is known to anyone who has ever had any dealings with the Joint Board that each penny it spends is carefully accounted for by an elaborate accounting and auditing system which is always open to inspection by responsible members of the organization, and that most of these expenditures were approved by this self-same Mr. Hyman in his capacity as secretary of Local 9—together with the other secretaries of the other local unions—and also as a member of the finance committees during strikes.

Concerning the charge of "undemocratic system of representation" at the Joint Board, which gives each local the same representation regardless of numbers, this system was adopted by the Joint Board nearly twenty years ago for no other purpose than that of giving every trade and craft in the industry represented in the Joint Board an equal voice so that the smaller crafts might not become overwhelmed by the larger trades, and have their interests ignored and unfavorable restrictions imposed upon them.

New York, July 17

MORRIS SIGMAN,
President, International Ladies'
Garment Workers Union

A Loan to Honduras?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Honduras, one of the five Central American republics, is now taking lessons from the bankrupt nations of Europe. Shrouded in an air of mystery and concealing themselves from outsiders seeking information on their errand, a Financial Mission has reached Washington and set up offices with the final intention of seeking connections with some banking firm in order to negotiate a loan of about \$20,000,000 with which to put the country on a sound and sober financial basis.

The purpose of the loan as stated in the official press of Honduras is to liquidate the old English debt which has ever been an irksome matter to the country, all outstanding internal indebtedness arising from revolutions, and the balance, if any, to undertake some useful public work.

With due respect to the present occupant of the Honduran presidential chair, whom we consider a really honest man, we are reluctant to concede that if this money is secured it will be invested for the purpose sought. No one in Honduras distrusts Dr. Paz Barahona; he is a really honest man, but he has the worst sort of people behind him, men that have made grafting a real art. Two of his chief backers, long before he ventured into politics, struggled hard to negotiate a similar loan with J. P. Morgan, but their plans were thwarted. Correspondence was intercepted in which they conspired to saddle on the country a protectorate in order to put through their plans for a loan.

Granting the good intentions of the Honduran government to set its house in order, with what revenue does it intend to pay off this loan? We know of no other revenue but the customs. There are no taxes in Honduras such as we have here. But should the customs be pledged a grave situation will arise. The matter of the stability of the government will have to be insured and this cannot be accomplished in a roundabout way. There is no question that Dr. Paz Barahona is not solidly seated; every week the papers carry news about uprisings in Honduras. Thus if the loan is granted under these

conditions, once more the United States will be involved in the unpleasant task of collecting private debts.

We have nothing against Dr. Paz Barahona, but we consider it the duty of good citizens to point out these facts, so that the American people may form judgment on this new scheme of international banking and, if possible, save themselves the humiliation of having the United States marines act as collectors for the money lenders of Wall Street, as they are now doing in Nicaragua without any authorization whatsoever of the Congress of the United States.

New York, July 4

JULIO CÉSAR VALLE

The War Against Evolution

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the necessary condensation of my article, *The War Against Evolution*, and of the consequent misapprehensions involved in some of its statements, will you please make the following correction:

It was not the State Library of Georgia which was refused appropriation lest it contain books on evolution. The bill which was defeated was one to permit counties, school districts, or municipalities to establish and maintain public libraries; this was defeated 57 to 63, largely through fundamentalist influence.

In North Carolina the war against evolution has been carried on not through refusal to employ teachers who believe in the theory but through censorship of high-school textbooks by Governor Cameron Morrison, with the cooperation of the State Board of Education. Governor Morrison more than a year ago stated: "I will not allow any such doctrine or intimation of such doctrine to be taught in the public schools."

In the statement regarding the University of Texas the phrase "Although there are, of course, many evolutionists who are atheists" should read: "Although there are, of course, many evolutionists who are *theists*."

San Francisco, July 2

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

Have the French Read Flaubert?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Of course nobody can read everything; so it seems fair to wonder how many French statesmen read a certain book called "*Salammbô*," by one Flaubert. The book, as you may remember, is devoted to describing what might happen if France should employ a great army of Africans, and if, either out of resentment at the rejection of some demands of theirs or for mere plunder's sake, the Foreign Legion should head a mutiny of the Africans.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Ballard Vale, Massachusetts, June 11

For Viands and Vamps

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Anent this hullabaloo about race. I have always been an advocate of the golden extreme; I detest the pinchbeck mean, but in this uproar about Nordics and the opposite I am moved to inquire, Why not take a nice, safe, mealy-mouthed, fifty-fifty, good lord, good devil stand?

What are the diagnostics of civilization? Obviously two: cuisine and women.

As to the first, Sidney Luska, one of the great unknown Americans, tells us that, next to the French, Jewish cooking is the best in the world. I assert that American Negro comes third.

In *re* the second, hearken to the most superb epicure of our era, J. H. Curle. In "*The Shadow-Show*" this Australian, after passing in review all the other women of the earth and noting their defects, concludes thus: "My affinity lies in the Gothic North. Austrians, Germans, and Scandinavians are the women

of my dreams. A wintry landscape, with a fairish woman in her furs, is civilization's masterpiece."

So there you are. If you live to eat, choose the others. If you live for women, root for the Nordics. Yours for viands and vamps.

New York, June 8

PAUL MUNTER

Esther Lea Yarnell

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the country home of Mr. and Mrs. John Cooper Packard, east of Pasadena, on Sunday afternoon, June 21, about fifty of the close personal friends of Esther Lea Yarnell, who recently passed away, gathered to pay tribute to her beautiful memory. Mrs. Samuel W. Packard presided.

Letters and telegrams were received from friends of Miss Yarnell who could not be present, notable among them being messages from Tom Mann, British labor leader; Eugene V. Debs, who wrote of the gladness brought him by a visit from Miss Yarnell when he was in Atlanta penitentiary; Mother Jones, Clarence Darrow, Art Young, Bruce Rogers. There were messages from civic bodies, including the American Civil Liberties Union, and from Berlin.

Pasadena, California, June 24

G. K.

Mr. Bok's National Song

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reading Edward W. Bok's "Our United States," a two-stanza "Song of the Nation," I was instantly reminded of Katharine Lee Bates's "America the Beautiful." It seems incredible that the thoroughly Americanized Mr. Bok, a man twice thirty, was not familiar with Miss Bates's universally known and loved patriotic song when he composed his own song. Likewise it seems incredible that if he were familiar with Miss Bates's poem he should have made use of expressions either identical with some of hers or similar to them, for by Mr. Bok's own written and published confession he has led one to infer that he is neither ignorant nor unoriginal.

His line "Whose fruited hills and amber fields" immediately calls to mind Miss Bates's lines "For amber waves of grain" and "Above the fruited plain." Mr. Bok's version is hardly an improvement on Miss Bates's. Perhaps he is a bit less accurate, too, in describing our *hills* instead of our *plains* as *fruited*.

The beginning of Mr. Bok's second stanza: "Across the seas we stretch our hand In Brotherhood of Man" is reminiscent of Miss Bates's well-known "And crown thy good with brotherhood, From sea to shining sea."

If Mr. Bok knew Miss Bates's poem how he could have written "Of homes undimmed by woman's tears" without thinking at once of her "Undimmed by human tears" is difficult to conceive. And if he did know her poem, why should he have written a phrase in the same rhythm and with the same wording except for one change? Miss Bates has "alabaster cities" "undimmed by human tears," while Mr. Bok has the "homes"—which make up the cities—"undimmed by woman's tears." Miss Bates is more universal, Mr. Bok more specialized.

Portland, Maine, June 2

CAROLINE E. VOSE

Falstaff's "Green Fields"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article in the issue of June 24, *Improving Shakespeare*, recalls a note in the *Evening Post* fifteen or twenty years ago from the Shakespearean reader, George Riddle, suggesting that the "green fields" were the "green pastures" of the Twenty-third Psalm—memories of early teaching coming back to the old man at death.

Rochester, New York, June 22

M. T. L. GANNETT

Books and Plays

Christ Dead

By MACKNIGHT BLACK

The sun-tanned feet of Jesus
Were two dead sparrows on the ground,
And his eyes were candles that a wind had touched.
His flesh was an echo that the hills desired.

But Jesus walked again with Matthew,
And his eyes were fire with John.
His body was thunder from the lips of Luke.

Now he is dead at last. Men walk with men.
Now he is dead. And their eyes have lost his eyes.
Now he is surely dead. And their bodies must follow his
own.

But Jesus Christ is treading their blood
And Jesus Christ is burning their eyes
And Jesus Christ is he who is ever against their breasts!

Brigham Young

Brigham Young. By M. R. Werner. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$5.

JOSEPH SMITH, the founder of Mormonism, was a mystic, a dreamer, an introvert, whose differentiation between reality and fancy was so hazy that, coupled with his adolescent tendency to mental dissociation, he produced those audacious and remarkable Americana: "The Book of Mormon," "The Doctrine and Covenants," and "The Pearl of Great Price." Brigham Young, the savior of Mormonism in its darkest hours, was a practical-minded Yankee, an extrovert, with a firm grasp on reality. He was not a man of fantasy or introspection. The mechanism of his mind he himself uncovered when he remarked:

This is my philosophy on thinking; and if I were obliged to think for ten years, and not erect a building or help build up a city or in any way put my thoughts into execution, it would materially injure my mental faculty, through want of results for it to rest upon.

Under Young's leadership the institution found its final form, with many of its unique features of social control and its strong sense of group solidarity.

The roots of Mormonism lie in that great democratic upheaval after 1800 which gave rise, on the one hand, to religious revivalism and, on the other, to the political expression of the masses which finally swept Jackson into office. Almost all its major peculiarities are related to features common to the culture of 1800-1840 west of the Alleghenies. Its economic developments, too, its tithings, its several attempts at communism and cooperatives, and its present commercial-industrial hold on the Great Basin are worthy of study. Divergent practices, such as surround the belief in divine revelations, in divinely appointed priesthoods, and particularly in polygamy, were imposed within a generation on thousands of people of different, even antagonistic, backgrounds. For the student of cultural history it speaks much as an example of social change under the appropriate emotional stresses within and the converging environmental crises without.

As Mr. Werner maintains, one can scarcely write the biography of Brigham Young without writing the history of the Mormon church. Thus, after a brief chapter on the birth and early years of Young, over a third of the book is taken up with the period of Joseph Smith. Throughout the latter's life-

time, Young, while a trusted apostle, never came into direct favor. Young's early contributions were confined to extensive proselyting, both in the States and in Europe, and in directing the escape of the Mormons from Missouri to Illinois during a period when Smith was in hiding. These two activities, however, did much to enhance his prestige with the bulk of the common membership of the church, and Smith's death gave him his opportunity.

It was evident that the Mormons could never remain in Illinois, and Young began that great exodus to the West which meant the salvation of the church. Werner's description of that pilgrimage is perhaps the ablest section of his book. It was largely due to Young's dominant will, to his insight into political and economic situations, to his choice of competent lieutenants, and to his sense of humor and balance that he brought thousands of people into the Great Basin and there founded communities, stimulated agriculture by irrigation, fostered local industries, and within twenty years constructed a self-sustaining culture in a desert.

Here the Mormons felt secure from their enemies, the gentiles, a thousand miles away. But Utah could not remain in the isolation of stage-coach and covered-wagon days. The trans-continental railroad cut across the territory, the local industries languished, and the gentiles came in increasing numbers, especially upon the discovery of gold and silver in the Utah mountains. Once more Mormonism came into contact with the outside world. And before his death Brigham Young was to witness the insidious influences at work which are, no doubt, ultimately to wipe out the cultural distinctions between his people and the rest of the country.

Young spent his last years bolstering his people against the gentiles and in conflict with the federal government over polygamy. He died at the age of seventy-six, mourned by his thousands of followers as a modern Moses and deprecated by his enemies as the greatest traitor to his government since Aaron Burr and as the most monstrous opponent to decent Christianity since Nero.

Legends are certain to surround such men as Young. The sources of information about him are highly biased. On the whole, Werner has done exceptionally well in presenting Young's portrait. Especially happy is his frequent use of Young's sermons, which give the best clue to his mentality and philosophy. Whatever the future of Mormonism, Brigham Young will stand with Robert G. Ingersoll, Dwight L. Moody, Frances E. Willard, P. T. Barnum, and others, as one of the most striking figures in that emerging American folklore of which we have only lately been conscious.

KIMBALL YOUNG

The Battle for a World Court

The Permanent Court of International Justice and the Question of American Participation. By Manley O. Hudson. Harvard University Press. \$4.

Security Against War. By Frances Kellor and Antonia Hadvany. The Macmillan Company. 2 volumes. \$6.

WHY is it that the National Council for the Prevention of War and the League of Women Voters and thousands of church societies urge so passionately that we join the World Court as a great step toward world peace? And why is it that others are so alarmed lest by joining it we somehow compromise our purity and postpone the great day of good-will on earth? I have read patiently Manley Hudson's plea for the court and Frances Kellor's attack upon it, and still I do not know.

It isn't much as a court. The nations of this cautious, selfish, over-victorious Allied world of ours made it, and they no longer even pretend to wear haloes. None of them was willing to give it much power; and they have been timorous about referring important matters to it. But it has acted reasonably

and expeditiously whenever it has had a chance. Even Miss Kellor admits that; and she has such a magnificent bitterness against the League and all its works that when she admits anything good about them she is extraordinarily convincing. The court, in the East Karelia case, even showed a bold independence of the League that gave it birth. In that dispute between Russia and Finland it declared itself incompetent to judge, Russia having refused to appear before it. That, it seems to me, was a splendid and deserved rebuke to the Council of the League, which ignored, as the League has always resolutely ignored, the fundamental flaw in its own constitution—its failure to include Germany and Russia as equal partners. What is the use of prating about international ideals in a body which clearly and constantly shows its double parentage in the victories of Versailles and the capitalist fear of a proletarian state?

The court is better than the League. No political chancellery dictates to any of its judges. The Hague conferences were unable to build a permanent court because the little nations and the big could not agree upon a method of electing judges satisfactory to both; the League constitution, with its two bodies—one in which, as in our Senate, all the states are equally represented and one in which the Great Powers preponderate—offered a compromise solution. The Powers nominate by geographical groups, and both Assembly and Council must vote for a judge before he is chosen. If Germany, Russia, and the United States were to participate in the choice it would seem to be as good a compromise as can be devised. Some compromise there must be; it is nonsense to insist that Liberia and Siam and Panama stand upon an absolute par with the great empires of the world. The facts that the court is thus a creation of the League and that the League sometimes turns to it for advisory legal opinions need not upset one's equilibrium, even though one is convinced that for the United States to join the League at this juncture would help chain Europe further to the prison of Versailles. Nor need the fact that the European nations have been slow to trust their troubles to the court destroy faith in the court or lead one to suppose that a different court would be better. The world will still be made up of the same nations even if we should start afresh upon the basis of the old Hague treaties.

There are wise folk who oppose joining the court unless it at the outset outlaws war and codifies international law. The phrase "outlawry of war" appeals to the American heart; but I doubt if the American people understand what it means. The American Legion adopted a resolution favoring it at New Orleans; I am sure they did not mean the words they used. Put it another way: Compulsory submission of all international disputes to arbitration—are we ready for that? Would we, for instance, arbitrate our dispute with Haiti? I should like to see a forthright campaign to educate the American people to willingness to discuss their international problems with other nations. And I wish the League of Nations people would be silent for a while, and permit the people to think about international questions without injection of that emotionalized issue.

Something about the League of Nations corrupts the mind. Manley Hudson, usually a person of exceptionally astute and discriminating scholarship, finds in his 287 pages of text and 75 pages of documentary appendices upon the court no room for the text of President Harding's St. Louis speech requiring revolutionary changes in the League's court; for Judge Moore's crisp comments on the suggestion that the court be asked to render advisory opinions; for Mr. Root's sage memorandum on the relation of the court to the question of codifying international law; for the statement, made by the committee of jurists called into consultation by the League, when the Council of the League insisted upon limiting the jurisdiction of the court; or for Senator Borah's alternative proposals. Mr. Hudson's religious devotion to the League and all its works destroys his critical acumen; one would hardly realize from his narrative that the Council of the League had again and again refused

to submit contentious questions in their entirety to the court, or that because of the hesitations of the League Council Poland had evicted nearly a thousand German colonists in defiance of the opinion rendered by the court.

Miss Kellor's book gives documents which are missing from Mr. Hudson's. Her first volume, in which she analyzes the League's action at Vilna, in Silesia, Corfu, the Saar, and elsewhere, would be a useful antidote to the mushy sentimentalism of the current collegiate devotion to the League, if the professors would wade through its pages. As a history of the League, however, it is no fairer than Mr. Hudson's story of the court. Austria and Hungary are relegated to footnotes; the tone is persistently bitter; at times Miss Kellor gives evidence of a kind of Europhobia which blinds her to facts. To treat the League's interventions in Latin America as if they were outrageous interferences with a province where we ruled with far-seeing benevolence, for instance, is silly. Read with Mr. Hudson's studies, her second volume gives a rounded picture of the court. Each book requires the other as a supplement.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Poetry and Science

Earth Moods and Other Poems. By Hervey Allen. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

HERE is the modern poet at his painful task of digesting science. In Mr. Allen's own words, "the first section, 'Earth Moods,' is for the most part an attempt to phrase poetically some of the modern conceptions of life . . . it is an epic of man in the northern hemisphere from the last ice age to the voyage of Columbus. It is presented from an astronomical perspective. . . ."

An epic without a hero, one would say at first, for this abstraction, "man," is no individual and therefore can be no hero. Later one realizes that there is, after all, a hero: Scientific Intelligence on a distant star which has been chosen as this year's meeting-place of the International Scientists' Association; and after the monographs on ethyl and the atom have been read, a half hour is granted to a queer fellow, doubtless a friend of one of the scientists, who puts on a movie for the serious thinkers, reeling off calculatedly fantastic visualizations of their mentations for them during a period of rest and refreshment. In short, Mr. Allen's plight is that of every contemporary poet who is too big to immerse himself in personal emotion, who has no ancestral religion to sustain and vivify and concentrate his imagination, and who plays with the avowedly "poetic" mythologies in deft abstracted manner while wondering what to do next.

Epic was never achieved in this mood, but certainly an enlargement of the field of experience over which lyric emotion can crystallize is gained by prolonged brooding on the facts of science—and this enlargement Mr. Allen achieves. For the thoughtful poet, brooding far backward over the history of his race instead of meditating only upon the brief history of his affair with Cynthia, finds his lyric moments here and there, as does Mr. Allen in many a notable passage in this volume that has seemed, as he says, to require "an almost epic treatment." But it all remains too static to be true epic; there is not the sublimely monotonous flow of some few overwhelmingly alive individuals down rivers of environment long accepted by the poet and his age. Leif the Lucky, Columbus, and the poet himself are all young tourists, and at any moment their newfangled ship may blow up.

Funeral at High Tide, in which the poet displays familiar landscape, accepted mythology—that of "Oh God! Oh! Jee-sus!"—and the simplicities of white fishermen and Negro mourners, is supremely successful; it obeys that formula of complete digestion of environment, mythology, and characters which must prevail if true epic is to be done on the larger scale to which this poet aspires.

ROBERT LOUIS BURGESS

The Assimilated Jew

God of Might. By Elias Tobenkin. Milton, Balch and Company. \$2.

IN this book Mr. Tobenkin has answered Israel Zangwill. The ideal of assimilation which Zangwill presented in his "Melting Pot" is put to the test and found to be a sentimental bubble. Here a young Jew consciously throws himself into the cauldron that is America but cannot fuse with the dominant elements there because they refuse to accept him and deny the affinity between a Jew and the other peoples of a typical American community. This poignant tragedy comes at a propitious moment, for today the Jews in America are facing the problem which agonizes its hero and the gentile population is becoming conscious of the pressure which the non-Jews in this book unwittingly exert on Samuel Waterman.

Waterman finds that neither intermarriage nor acceptance of most of the American *mores* unites him with the people he has adopted. As another "assimilated" Jew puts it, "Nobody bothers about your belief or unbelief—it is conformity that people demand. . . . If I had known eighteen or even fifteen years back what I know today, I would have gone where nobody knew me and would have buried my Jewish origin as deep as I could. . . . Then it was still time." But Waterman cannot conform. Memories of an orthodox upbringing; an inability to accept conscientiously the dogmas of Christianity, and the inevitable ties that bind him to the faith of his father keep him from church affiliations, though outwardly he has broken with his family in order to marry a gentile, and keep him a stranger in his town and to his family.

The general reader—and this novel is most emphatically for the general reader—will feel that the story of Samuel Waterman is only begun. Will he join the swaying congregation which prays to the God of Might? If so, will he part from his wife, lose his children, and challenge the small town? Can he continue to hold the anomalous position? Or will he surrender? Until these questions are answered the book must be judged incomplete. It is incomplete in another sense. Had he delayed the action of the plot to paint the panorama of the small Nebraska town as it is tangent to the life of the Jew, Mr. Tobenkin might have achieved greatness. As it is his novel ranks far above the shoddy sentimental reactions of those Jews who, becoming articulate in English, have contributed popular paeans to the Promised Land; it ranks with the best Yiddish interpretations of America.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Books in Brief

Orphan Island. By Rose Macaulay. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

Miss Macaulay tells of a boatload of orphans, bound from London to San Francisco, wrecked, with their governess, a nurse, and the drunken ship's doctor, on a coral reef, and of the social taboos, forms, and conventions they set up and adhered to for seventy years—until discovered by the Thinkwells. It was no doubt a pleasant island, little frequented, with gentle rains and all the fruits and flowers of Tahiti in abundance; yet it became a land of prejudice and rebellion, of furtive drinking and mean pride, a spot forever England—and Victorian England at that. Nor was this evolution the result of a falling away from grace. Rather it was the direct consequence of a laying-on of civilization, the working of a stern, uncompromising faith in virtue, not unmixed with a contempt for the humors of the poor. Indeed, this satirical expedition of Miss Macaulay's proves (if it proves anything) how much of sweetness and toleration we owe to just such unregenerate rascals as Villon and Marlowe, how much of sanity to Falstaff, of beauty to Rabelais—and how little life would be worth living if Washington, as he is expounded to us, were indeed our ideal.

Gold by Gold. By Herbert S. Gorman. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

In the accepted tradition but with a new method Mr. Gorman brings a poet to New York and displays the process of his disillusion. Karl Nevins has a book of poems accepted by a metropolitan publisher. He fancies himself a genius, deserts his wife, and finds his chosen hell in New York. Encountering the pundits and the intellectuals, he watches them blow like puffed kites in the wind. Mr. Gorman lends his hero a soul of glittering perceptions, and yet tries to destroy him as a silly man of talent. The paradox is never quite resolved. The method is borrowed from Joyce; and though the words spin like golden rockets in a leprous sky they never quite assume the form of an inner original integrity. Joyce alone is Joyce. Mr. Gorman is enormously clever and often dazzling, but he has not yet found his own style.

The Groote Park Murder. By Freeman Wills Crofts. Thomas Seltzer. \$2.

The House of Seclusion. By Marion Hervey. Small, Maynard and Company. \$2.

Two mystery stories in the dull if popular tradition whereby after the finding of the body the detective smells a clue and finally nips the murderer in the bud. Interminable dialogues and garrulous innocent bystanders disclose the core of the secret in a series of interviews as artistic and exciting as a court record.

Sea Horses. By Francis Brett Young. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

The horses of Francis Brett Young have suffered a sea change within the deep green waters of Conrad's subaqueous world. The mood and color of Conrad's prose and Conrad's mind and especially Conrad's own practice of unique romance wash about the sea horses conjured up by Francis Brett Young so that Mr. Young often appears only as an honorable ghost just as Conrad himself so often appears as not much more than a discreet ghost of the blood-boltered Russians. A melancholy captain bound in by delicate scruples and gathering frustration (he is too much like the Heyst of "Victory") accepts as supercargo a woman in difficult circumstances. The crew all wear the garb of picturesque villains or austere seamen doing their duty. Africa and a fever port glower like an embodied horror. It is work of admitted distinction and enchantment, but Mr. Young herein is too often going about Conrad's business.

Greater France in Africa. By William Milligan Sloane. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

Readers whose interest in the Moroccan war has led to a desire for further information about France's colonial experiments in Northern Africa will find a useful and up-to-date survey in this volume. The author visited Morocco and Algeria as a member of a group invited by the Committee Franco-America. Thus he saw the region primarily through official eyes, with both the advantages and handicaps of such a method. Mr. Sloane not only discusses the graver problems of the French protectorate but finds room also for notes on the picturesque and artistic aspects of the country. The book is illustrated with some excellent photographs, but there is only one map, and that rather unsatisfactory.

Swallowing the Anchor. By William McFee. Doubleday, Page and Company. \$2.

We would be tempted to say of Mr. McFee that he is more interesting as a man than as a writer were it not for the thought that if he hadn't turned writer we would not know how interesting a man he is. He is a marine engineer by vocation, a writer only by avocation. Clearly he regards himself as a good engineer—and he sticks to it. Apparently he is not equally sure that he is a good writer—but he sticks to it. We think he is right—in sticking to both. Each makes the other more worth while. Objectively Mr. McFee has little

to say, in spite of wide experiences and extensive travels. Subjectively he has much to communicate—of which there is evidence in the twenty-seven essays, mostly on literary topics, collected in this book.

The Messages and Papers of Woodrow Wilson, with editorial notes and an introduction by Albert Shaw, and an analytical index. George H. Doran Company. 2 vols. \$3.

Some day some conscientious plodder will assemble all the public papers of Woodrow Wilson, edit them, footnote them, and index them so that the student may find his text with ease. This edition comes nearer it than any yet issued. Like Dr. Shaw's compilation of 1918 it begins with the First Inaugural Address, omitting the magnificent material of the "New Freedom" period and the "Seven Sisters" addresses. It leaves out the preparedness addresses of 1916, but assembles the state papers which prefaced our entrance into the war and includes the full series of addresses in Europe and on that last trip West which brought the breakdown. The index is too slight to be very valuable, and a careful editor would not have left uncorrected such simple slips of the stenographic ear as "Adjur-Badjan" for Azerbaijan.

Memoir of the Harvard Dead in the War Against Germany. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe and Others. Vol. V. Harvard University Press.

This last volume, concluding the record of the 373 Harvard men who died in and through the war, includes many men who died after the armistice. One was a pilot in the Kosciuszko squadron killed flying over Lemberg in preparation for war against the Bolsheviks. Another was slain by apaches at Brest; still another's bruised body was found in the Rhine. Influenza took most. The war found its victims in curious and varied ways, but one word inevitably rises to consciousness as one reads these memoirs of these venturesome boys who met death gladly. It is "gallant."

Commercial Yearbook of the Soviet Union; 1925. Edited by Louis Segal and A. A. Gantalar. B. W. Huebsch. \$2.50.

Here is a new kind of book about Soviet Russia. There is no propaganda in it—unless facts and figures and texts of laws be propaganda. How much cotton did Russia grow in 1923? How much better was that than the 1922 figure and how much worse than in 1913? Here is the answer. What is the depth of water in any Russian port, and what quay space is available? Who is the Russian diplomatic representative in London or Athens or Mexico City? How many shoes did Russia make last year? How many did she import, and whence? How big is her army? What proportion of her trade in woolsens or in oil is carried on by private individuals, by cooperatives, by the state? How many automobiles has she? How many schools? What are her tariff duties? Her tax laws? The answers are all here. It is as matter-of-fact a record as a report by our Department of Commerce. Business men will find more in it to interest them than agitators will. Bolsheviks and Red-hunters can dig material out of it to prove Russia's rise or fall, as they wish. But no one will find passion in it. Russia is here again a part of the world of everyday common-sense life.

James Gibbons Huneker. By Benjamin De Casseres. Joseph Lawren. \$1.50.

The volume comprises a tentative bibliography of Huneker's writings, for which his admirers will be grateful, and forty pages of homage by Mr. De Casseres. Although Jack London, Edwin Markham, James Branch Cabell, and other men of letters unite, on the jacket of the book, to honor Mr. De Casseres's genius, what he has to say about his friend and hero is indiscriminating as criticism, strained as epigram, and out of date as Philistine-baiting. It is a pity. Huneker was a great personality, and his services to American culture it would be difficult to overestimate. He deserves the honor of intelligent criticism.

Aristotle. By John Burnet. Oxford University Press. 35 cents.

Few except specialists realize that the existing works of Aristotle, impressive as is their scope and bulk, are, in the main, not the writings published during his lifetime and known throughout antiquity as his works, but his private lecture notes. The implications of this important fact are brought out in Professor Burnet's address, delivered before the British Academy, along with valuable suggestions toward determining the chronology both of the existing and of the lost works of the Stagirite. Particularly interesting is the emphasis placed upon the period of Aristotle's residence in Ionia, and upon his kinship with the Ionian philosophers. In this connection Professor Burnet takes occasion again to stress the neglected fact that few of the great philosophers of Greece were Athenians.

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"Art" in the Movies

By GILBERT SELDES

THE hardest thing a critic of the movies has to face is the accusation that he wants to make the movies artistic. The reason this is a crime is, of course, that art doesn't sell; and the critic, whenever he has the good fortune to talk to a professional, feels the underlying hostility which means "you want to bankrupt me."

The last thing I want to see is a movie made for the pleasure of a few aesthetes. I have been assured that we shall come to it; that a chain of little movie houses, like the little theaters, will give new vitality and new artistic standards to the movie; and that gradually the movie, like the commercial theater, will incorporate the good discoveries of the artistic groups. This is possible; but unless there is a great confusion of terms, it seems to me unnecessary. "Art" when used roughly about the movies usually means good interior decoration, Duse-like restraint in registering emotions, and the elimination of banal plots and incidents. It also suggests a great infusion of "artiness"; the whole attitude of movies for the few is arrogant and patronizing. Regard the mechanics of the stage and you are instantly aware that at its best a play can have only a few hundred auditors at one time; look at the mechanics of the film and you see that, while you can have a movie for one spectator, the natural thing is to have hundreds of thousands simultaneously—the limit is really the product of multiplying the number of prints by the number of spectators; it approaches infinity. I am in favor of its doing so.

The confusion, I suspect, arises from our habit of saying that a film is inartistic when we dislike the plot, a standard we might as well apply to the "Vanities of 1925." We say it, again, when the methods used are a little obvious, when, in order to show us that a husband is no longer in love with his wife, a director can think of nothing but having the gentleman thumb his nose at the lady in public. But these are largely matters of intelligence; the directors may be right in assuming that their spectators do not understand a shrug of the shoulder, and the whole notion that subtlety is the basis of art is open to question. It is possible that the moving picture can handle only broad effects; it is certain that a satisfactory picture can be made with them.

The artistic elements can exist in a film without for a moment touching upon the subject in such a way that the spectator is made uncomfortably aware of them. The structure of the whole film, the relation of part to part, the rhythm of the action and its variations—all these can give a picture artistic qualities, and they are as possible in a slap-stick comedy as in a super-spectacle.

We get further if we ask of a picture only that it be technically a good picture—that it utilize the capacities of the camera to the full. In this respect the most interesting films made in America today are the quarter, half, or one reel "short subjects" which usually follow the news of the day. Sometimes they are scenics, sometimes trick photography, sometimes drawn pictures or combinations of drawn and photographed pictures; and they are always interesting. The aesthete of the films hardly recognizes them, because they offer very little scope for imagination, in the story sense, or for composition; and none for plot. But these films are made with complete mastery of the instrument. The last one I saw in the way of trick photography was a joy. It represented a cow in a meadow. The cow walked. Presently the fore part lengthened itself and then again collapsed, or walked away entirely from the hind quarters; a moment later the cow was facing itself and walked head-on into itself. The whole thing was pure movie and was done with perfect skill. Another example: a film made by Soviet Russia—for what propaganda I cannot say, as it dealt with the work of the ice-crushers which open lanes in the Arc-

tic. I happened to see this on a bill which also presented Caligari and Chaplin in "The Fugitive"—certainly the best movie program I ever saw, and entirely devoid of "presentation features"—and the Russian "actuality" seemed to be as interesting in its way as the main film or the comedy. Every position the camera could assume was utilized; you saw the copper-clad nose of the ice-boat as if it were a knife-blade, cutting the ice; you saw the ice open and the streak of water was like a lightning flash; you saw planes and skyscrapers created by the camera. The film actually had beauty of a natural sort, reformed by mechanical skill.

Yet the average director of the average film still uses his camera as a meat-chopper; even the simple trick of slow-motion is abjured, as if it would break the illusion of the film. The occasions when trick photography can be used are not, of course, unlimited; the misfortune is that our realistic films have driven all thought of anything not strictly accurate off the screen. That still leaves a wide scope for the camera: the field now occupied by purely conventional gestures and registrations can be refertilized by using the further developments of the methods of taking pictures; and the field of the caption can be cut down. The caption is essentially a connective, not an explanation, because the camera, if put to the test, can explain itself.

Master the camera and you will have started *internally* to make pictures properly artistic; ignore it, and all the art applied from the outside will only be façade, artiness, and eventually bunk. Master the camera and use your dullest plots, your worst happy endings; you will have comparatively good pictures. Ignore it, and your Othello, and Tess, and Penguin Island—if you choose them as possibly great pictures—will be "artistic," and terrible.

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China's Servitude

A survey of foreign control in China, by Charles Hodges, assistant professor of politics of New York University, will appear in next week's issue of The Nation, followed by more articles and documents from Harry F. Ward, whose article *The Meaning of Shanghai* was published in The Nation for July 22.

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International Relations Section

Mussolini's Fascist State

ITALY is passing through a period of political and social change. Single events, however important in themselves, can hardly give the significance of this change or its direction. The following summary of the accomplishments of the last parliamentary session is reprinted from the *London Observer* of June 28:

The parliamentary session has just closed with a series of dramatic surprises. Signor Mussolini has given the country plenty to think about during the holidays. During the last few sittings of the Chamber three important laws were passed in rapid succession, regulating respectively the position of the bureaucracy, the activities of the press, and the power of the Government to legislate by the use of royal decrees.

Without entering into details, it may be said that the general effect of these measures will be to strengthen the position of the executive and render it difficult if not impossible, for either Parliament, press, or civil servants to offer opposition to, or criticism of, its methods.

Lest the full import of this victory should be lost on the country, the Prime Minister closed the Fascist Congress last Monday with one of the most remarkable speeches he has ever made. It is an absolutely clear statement of his deliberate intention to create a Fascist state, a state in which Fascism will not be a part of the nation but the nation itself, so that the words Italian and Fascist shall come to be synonymous, just as are practically the words Italian and Catholic. As a preliminary, he announces that parliamentarism has been conquered. The laws that have been passed so far are for the defense of Fascism; those that will be put before the country in the autumn will carry on the work in a constructive and creative sense.

A REAL FASCIST STATE

That these intentions are the logical outcome of Signor Mussolini's policy for the last three years no one can doubt who has made any consecutive study of his acts, which are invariably plain, and of his public utterances, which have never been tortuous. The very boldness of his conceptions has caused many people to assume that he could not possibly mean what he said, and to hope that with time Fascism would slough off its most marked characteristics and cool down into a party more or less like any other, ready to give and take. They can hardly think this any more after his last declarations. He has flung out a straight challenge to his adversaries, and, in the absence of any really strong, homogeneous opposition, he may possibly go some way toward realizing his ideal of a state in which "all the power will be to all the Fascists."

So far as Mussolini is concerned the old Italy, the Italy of Liberals, Democrats, and Socialists, has passed away. We are at the dawn of the new Italy, which needs new institutions, new laws, and an entirely new directive. What is to be the type of the new Italian? He is to have "courage, intrepidity, love of risk, a repugnance for pacifism at all costs, readiness to dare both in individual and in collective life, and a hatred for all that is sedentary. He is to show discipline in work, respect for authority, and to feel pride every hour of the day in the thought that he is Italian."

This, as a Roman paper calls it, is the breviary of the perfect Fascist. In the new Fascist Government the executive power will practically control the destinies of the nation, for it is continuous and omnipresent.

It is the power that finds itself called at any moment to solve vast problems, to decree great things, to declare war, to conclude peace. This power, which disposes of all the armed forces of the state, which controls day by day the complex machinery of state administration, cannot take

a second place. It cannot be represented by a group of puppets who dance according to the caprices of popular assemblies.

A CONSTITUTIONAL INNOVATION

Yet Parliament is not to be abolished; it is even to be strengthened in one sense by the introduction of new forces. An organization of national syndicates will group the workers and producers of the country together in their different categories and classes. In the Italian Chamber of the future two-thirds of the deputies will be elected as before by universal suffrage, the remaining third will consist of technical representatives of the arts, professions, and industrial and agrarian interests of the country, elected from among the members of the local syndicates. This innovation, which has no precedent, will need the creation of an entirely new electoral law. It forms the basis of the constructive legislation now in course of preparation by a parliamentary commission of eighteen, popularly known as The Solons.

Signor Mussolini openly admits that in his hands Italy's goal is empire, not necessarily territorial, for empire may be political, economic, or spiritual. Yet Italians must never forget that their capital is Rome, the only city that ever succeeded in founding an empire on the fateful shores of the Mediterranean, and that the realization of the Fascist dream can only be attained by the formation of a granitic block of united national will.

It cannot be denied that these conceptions have a kind of Napoleonic grandeur, while no one can doubt Mussolini's ardent patriotism and his genuine belief in the possibility of leading Italy, through his own methods, on the path of happiness and prosperity. Like Napoleon, he has impressed himself upon his country with dynamic force at a critical moment of her history, and future historians may say of him, as Marmont said of his hero, "There was so much future in his mind." He stands for a reaction which, whatever may be its eventual outcome, has certainly resulted in the greatly increased vitality of the Italian people. He and Fascism together have come through storms which must have broken a smaller man and disintegrated a party that had not in itself some very vital cohesive elements. As it is, the party stands today before the country welded together in that iron discipline which Mussolini wishes to impose upon the whole nation.

Publicity for Armaments

THE League Arms Traffic Conference at Geneva aroused little general interest and understanding in this country. With the exception of the ban on poison gas its accomplishments were hardly noticed in the press. The following estimate of its importance by Charles Roden Buxton is reprinted from *Foreign Affairs* (London) for July:

The main result of the Arms Traffic Conference will be a greater degree of publicity for the arms traffic. There will be also a greater degree of government responsibility for it. A license has to be given by the government of the exporting country for any arms exported. As regards "category one" [arms exclusively destined for war], the export cannot take place at all except to a government. As regards "category two" [arms which may be used either for warlike or peaceful purposes], these may be exported to private individuals; but the consent of the government of the importing country must first be secured, if the laws of such country require it. The new arms traffic convention has a clause saying that the numbers of aircraft exported are to be published, but no other description is required, so that it gives no information with regard to aircraft for military purposes.

The arms traffic will probably continue on the same vast

scale as at present; but we shall know more about it. It should be remembered that Article 8 of the Covenant of the League of Nations laid down, six years ago, that the members of the League would "interchange full and frank information" on armaments; and the new convention will be a slight step in that direction.

It is also a gain that the question is taken out of the sphere of private enterprise and brought into the sphere of government action. This will, at any rate, make it easier to get the same principle applied to a much bigger problem—that of the private manufacture of armaments.

PUBLICITY

These results are not to be despised when we remember the great volume of the arms traffic and the powerful impression that would be made on public opinion if only the facts could be brought home. The League of Nations has published a useful volume of statistics. In the course of three years, from 1920-22, twenty of the principal countries exported war material to the value of over \$45,000,000. And this figure did not include ships of war, aeroplanes, tanks, or armored cars. Even apart from this tremendous omission it must be remembered that the figures are very incomplete. They are not the result of any special inquiry, but are merely extracted from official or published reports. It is probable that a very great volume of traffic is entirely concealed.

The odd thing about the report is that while it shows \$50,000,000 worth of exports, it shows only \$17,000,000 worth of imports! This is partly because a number of importing countries make no returns; but it is also symptomatic of the fact that governments are much less ready to tell the world about the arms they receive than about those which they send to others.

America, it may be noted, heads the list of arms traffickers, Great Britain being second, and France third. (It is impossible to say, however, how much of the British exports consist of consignments to British possessions or British forces abroad.)

It is of special interest to note that during the period under review the total import of arms into China, even taking the officially admitted figures only, amounted to nearly \$1,000,000.

WHAT WE ARE UP AGAINST

We may wish well to any efforts, however feeble, to show up this gigantic scandal. It is as well to realize, however, the feebleness of the effort, because the causes of that feebleness are matters of considerable interest from the point of view of foreign affairs in general. The main reasons why more was not done at Geneva were the following:

1. The desire of the great arms-producing Powers to keep their export as secret as possible. Hence the British amendment excluding warships, etc. (to which I allude below), and the complete dropping of the provisions for examination of consignments of arms in transit.
2. The fears of the governments that the restriction of the arms traffic would deprive their private manufacturers of those markets abroad which are required to keep their works going on a sufficiently large scale.
3. The desire of the small non-producing states to obtain arms freely—and if possible secretly—and not to be at the mercy of large producing states.
4. America's fear of being drawn too much into the League of Nations. Hence the dropping of the Central Information Bureau under the auspices of the League.
5. The unwillingness of independent states, such as Persia, to be treated as "prohibited zones."
6. The absence of Russia from the conference. Hence the decision to drop the obligation of publicity, so long as Russia should not adhere to the convention, on the part of the states bordering on her territory.

The effect of these difficulties, taken all together, was that the original draft convention, weak as it was, was considerably whittled away in the course of the proceedings. Many states were more concerned with their own particular objections than with the general object of the conference; and there was, unfortunately, no great driving force in support of effective action.

In the days of Mr. MacDonald's premiership, or even in the days when Lord Robert Cecil was a power in the deliberations of the League, such a driving force would have been supplied by the British Delegation. This was not to be looked for from a delegation consisting solely of the Earl of Onslow, Under-Secretary to the War Office. His assistants (with the exception of Mr. E. H. Marker, of the Board of Trade) consisted of the British military, naval, and air representatives on the Permanent Advisory Commission on Armaments. All the other important delegations (notably the French and American) contained numerous delegates, and among them men of political influence and distinction. The contrast was much commented on. The composition of the British Delegation suggested that the British Government regarded the subject of the conference as being purely military and having no political importance.

One of the fundamental difficulties in the way of disarmament is the place occupied in the counsels of the League by the members of the Permanent Advisory Commission (military, naval, and air experts). From being a mere advisory body to the Council, this body has risen to a position of quite unmerited power, and has impressed its attitude of mind on the whole of the discussions. It is impossible for the soldier or sailor—except in very rare instances—to approach the question from the right angle.

The British amendment excluding from the scope of the convention "ships of all kinds designed exclusively for war, with their armaments" (including submarines and submersibles), and also airships, aeroplanes, etc., was the chief sensation of the conference. The leading Geneva paper, the *Journal de Genève*, said: "It has produced the effect of a thunderclap in conference circles. . . . Military aeroplanes and men-of-war are not to be considered as armaments!" It was opposed by France and others. It was eventually carried as regards aeroplanes, but as regards vessels of war and their armaments a new article was inserted providing for certain information to be published—more limited, however, than in the case of other armaments.

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